

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

Work.

Oh, boys, do not shirk!
 Would you win, you must work,
 As the prizes of life hang high.
 But the strong and the fleet,
 And the diligent feet,
 May climb to the upper sky.
 The way may be steep,
 But he who will keep
 The purpose of life in his view,
 Through patience and grace,
 Will be strong for the race,
 And the work that God gives him to do.
 You must hew out the stairs
 With labor and prayers,
 By which you ascend to the height;
 And the task of today
 Will help on our way,
 If you do it with all your might.
 Then work for the right,
 And walk in the light
 Which heaven pours down on your way.
 With God on your side,
 No ill can betide;
 So hopefully labor and pray.

THE MYRTLE.

Dear Editor:—This is my first attempt to write for the Children's Column. I am eleven years old. My pa takes the EVANGELIST. I like to read it very much. I go to school every day I can. Miss Katie Kerschner is my teacher's name. I like her very much. I go to Sunday School every Sunday. My Sunday School teacher's name is Lydia Wright. My friend Florence Wallace and I are librarians at Sunday School. I have three large sisters and two brothers. Two of my sisters are married. Well, I must close. Yours truly,

CASSIE CLEMANS.

Tiosa, Ind., Apr. 18, 1887.

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to my little friends. Another Sabbath morning is here and I cannot go to Sunday School on account of it raining. I thought I would improve the time in writing a letter, as I would like to introduce myself to the children. Mr. Israel Baer is our superintendent. I am ten years old. I go to school. My studies are Reading, Writing, Spelling, Arithmetic and Geography. Well, this is all for this time. I hope to see this in print.

DARLIE L. RHOADS.

Beaver City, Neb.

Dear Editor:—Our Sabbath School was re-organized on the first Lord's day in April. Bro. J. Penrod is our superintendent. The school has a good attendance and a lively interest is manifested. Bro. J. W. Fox is here over Lord's day filling father's regular appointment. I desire to join the Band of Hope. Will Uncle Joe tell me how to proceed to obtain a membership. Our prayer and social meetings are well attended and preaching twice a month. Well, this is all from our little village for this time.

LULA MASSENA.

Linkville, Ind., Apr. 23, 1887.

Dear Editor:—This is the first time I have tried to write for your paper. My papa takes the EVANGELIST. I have no brothers or sisters. I had one sister. Her name was Sadie. She died five years ago. Was buried at Silver Creek cemetery. We moved here from Falls City, Neb. over three years ago. My cousin gave me a burro. I ride it sometimes when I go to the Post Office for the mail. I am ten years old. Good by,

SAMUEL STUMP.

Alder, Colorado.

Dear Editor:—I will send a few lines to the Children's Column. I like to read the the Children's Column. I go to Sunday School every Sunday. We have a large S. S. and good attendance. I have been selling church members hand books, and have thirteen on hand yet to sell. After which I have sold 46 hand books. I received two very valuable books, Live Coals and Marvelous Wonders of the whole World, with which I am very well pleased. Bro. Mason was here and preached for us one week although we had no converts. But I hope that his sermons may be as bread cast

upon the waters gathered many days hence. I hear that our editor is married. I wish them a long and happy life and may their path be strewn with flowers and prosperity.

BERTHA E. HANG.

Louisville, O., May 16, 1887.

Dear Editor:—As I wrote once before and saw my letter in the EVANGELIST, I thought I would write again. I want to say something about our Sunday School. The average attendance is about 98. We have ten classes. Miss Nona Gilkison is my Sunday School teacher. Mr. Skelly is our superintendent. Mr. J. A. Ridenour is our pastor. I would like for some of the other children to write about their Sunday School. I will close by asking a question: Who was it the Lord said to: Ye must be born again?

MARY JONES.

Milford, Ind.

Dear Editor:—I will try and write another letter for the EVANGELIST. I was thirteen years old, the 18th, of April. It rained on my birthday. I have three sisters and five brothers living, two dead. My oldest brother is working on the railroad. He came home Sunday evening went back on Wednesday morning. I always hate to see him go away. Father takes the EVANGELIST. I love to read the letters from the little folks. Father and mother belong to the Brethren church. We have Brethren meeting every three weeks at Baker's Furnace. Mr. Smouse is our minister. He will preach Sunday. I go to Sunday School. My teacher's name is Miss Matthews. She is a good teacher. Everything looked lovely around here a few days ago. The blossoms were all out and they smelt lovely, but they are all gone now but some of the apple blossoms. We will have lots of fruit of all kinds this year if it does not freeze. For fear of wearing your patience, I will bring my letter to a close.

I remain as your friend,

MARY A. STUTSMAN.

Cramersville, Pa., May 13, 1887.

Dear Editor:—I will try and write a letter for your nice paper. I go to school, and my teacher's name is Miss A. Collins. I like her real well. There are about 700 scholars go to school where I go. Last Friday a boy played truant and went fishing. His hook got fast in the creek and he swam after it and got it and remained in the water to swim. He cramped and drowned. The boy's parents thought he was at school. I go to Sabbath School when I am well. Mamma and papa belong to the Brethren church but there is no Brethren church in Columbus. The S. S. that I go to is a union S. S. I will answer G. A. Ranche's question: The book of Esther does not make use of our Heavenly Father's name in any way. Enclosed find 25cts. for the missionary fund from a sister. I will ask a question: Who was the meekest man? I must close.

G. HORNE.

Columbus, O.

Dear Editor:—As I take great interest in reading the letters in the Children's Column, I thought I would make my first attempt, although I am no very small child. I have reached the age of manhood, still I claim to be a child of God. I write this letter merely for the encouragement of the younger folks, as it makes me feel happy to know that so many, especially the young, take interest in writing and asking and answering questions out of the Holy Book. It shows that they love and care for Jesus, who was nailed to the Cross and there suffered and died to save his people. Why then should we not do something for Him? Did you ever think of this my dear reader, that Jesus died to save you? Sad indeed although it's true!

I am a member of the Brethren church and am convinced that it's much pleasanter to live in Christ than out. I will close by asking a question: Who ascended to heaven in a whirlwind?

Yours truly,

H. N. COBER.

Berlin, Pa., May 22, 1887.

The Two Roads.

Dear Children:—As I see so many little letters in the EVANGELIST. I want to tell you about the

two roads one or other of which you will all travel. The one is called the broad road. It is very wide, so that all kinds of people can walk on it. On either side there are all manner of things to entice people to continue to go forward, and there is plenty of fun and frolic as you go along, while traveling on this road you can drink whisky, get drunk, play cards, gamble, swear, lie, steal, and even murder, as all kind of people travel on it. I mean all who are seeking after worldly pleasures. This road starts out most beautifully. It is full of pleasant music, song and dancing, and everybody on it seems happy.

This road has been built by the devil, and he is as accommodating as he can be. When he first meets you he is all smiles, says his is the best road in the world, that he has made ample accommodation for everybody, offers a free pass, and plenty of fun to boot. But this road leads rapidly downward, and the longer you travel on it, the more difficult it becomes to go back should you want to do so, and most people do, because they soon learn that the way is beset with many dangers, and that the manager is a liar, a deceiver, and that his road leads to destruction and death.

If people become alarmed about it, he either tells them that the report is false, or that it is a long distance to the end, and that they can easily stop at any time they wish if they find danger ahead, so that while a few turn back, the large majority rush rapidly along until it becomes too late to stop and are hurled through death into misery and eternal ruin. This, dear children is the way of sin, which leads to death and ruin, and I feel sure that none of you want to be lost or go to ruin. If so, avoid this broad road.

The narrow road is not enticing, and on it are not held out so many inducements to pleasure, fun and frolic. There is only a certain class that can travel on it. No drunkards, no gamblers, no liars, none that love revelling and worldly pleasures, but the good and the good only. The road is narrow, because the crowd does not go that way—only a few comparatively. This road was made and opened by Jesus our blessed Savior, and it leads to heaven and eternal happiness.

At first it may seem a little rough and steep, but the longer you travel on it the pleasanter it gets, and the more enjoyment it affords, until, at last, it ends in eternal life, where dwell the good of all ages and all lands. This is the good road and the Christian way, and the way for you. Are you on it? Which road are you on, the broad or the narrow? The one that leads to death, or the one that leads to life and peace? Think of it, dear children and choose Jesus for your friend and your pilot. He is the way, the truth and the life. If you believe in him, though you die, yet shall you live.

G. W. FULTZ.

Mt. Sidney, Va.

To The Children.

My dear young Friends:—Your little letters are always read by me, with deep interest in the welfare of children. But one thing I regret, is the apparent decrease in your contributions to good causes. "Just as the twig is bent, the tree is inclined."

That you may grow up thoroughly furnished in the ways of right, begin in youth to cultivate every known duty in that line. This embraces many things, to be learned day by day—"line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little."

One important "line" to learn is to beware of "covetousness which is idolatry."—Col. 3: 5, 6, 17. "To avoid the too common growth of this evil, begin in childhood to practice liberality—"be rich in good works, ready to distribute."—Tim. 6: 10, 17, 18.

If you have not the money to send, begin now, trying to earn it in some useful, commendable way; persevere in it; "weary not in well doing." That every child (and grown people too) may henceforth resolve to adopt this and all that is for their eternal good, is the earnest prayer of their ever well wishing friend.

JULIA A. WOOD.

Bremo Bluff, Va.